

## BUSHRANGER BILL

By CHARLES E. LEWIS OF QUAD.

Copyright, 1903, by Charles E. Lewis.

The early days of Australian bushranging were the beginning of that great industry which has enriched the colony by hundreds of millions—wool-growing. A vast extent of country was covered by the grazing sheep, and the bushrangers were obliged to live alone and far from civilization. The bushranger had no fear of the solitary herder, and the latter was forced by circumstances to become an ally. It came to be an understood thing that the herder should permit the outlaw the shelter of his hut



A RUN FOR THE GUN.

and provide him with a meal, and it was not exacted that he should give any information to the police. Had he played spy as well as host, the bushrangers would have put an end to sheep raising by murdering all the herders.

On the D. and D. run, which embraced many square miles north of the Murray river, we had over 20 herders, and the distance between some of them was 12 miles. No two were nearer than five. Each had a rude hut of poles and logs and turf and was supplied with provisions once a month. There was a fireplace in each hut, and a bunk and bedding for any traveler who might come along. We had a stockhouse eight miles north of the Murray, and once a month two carts were sent out with provisions for the stations. As inspector for the company I had to visit each herder at least once a week and report on the condition of his herd. If he was ill, which was sometimes the case, I had to replace him with another man, and if he had become homesick and abandoned his station, which was not a rare thing, I had to keep the saddle till a substitute was found. There was no friendship between the inspectors and bushrangers. We put the police on their track whenever we could, and many an inspector was humbled from his saddle by a shot fired from rock or thicket. There were times, however, when hostilities were suspended. When the police were not on a red-hot trail or the bushrangers making a foray, there was not much danger to either side. On one occasion, in riding through the scrub, I came full upon the camp of six bushrangers. There was a sudden alarm and a rush for their guns, but I called out that I was only a ranch inspector who had lost his way and was not fired upon.

On the occasion of which I write I had made a ride of 30 miles to reach "station 17," which was at the base of a chain of hills, with a vast plain in front of it. A creek ran along the base of the hills, and on the bank of this stream was the hut. The provision cart had been there a week before and found everything all right. I reached the hut an hour before sundown one afternoon to find the herder on the point of leaving. On the forenoon of the previous day he had been visited by two bushrangers, one of whom recognized him as a witness who had given testimony against him in a case at Sydney three years before. The fact that the herder had been an unwilling witness now saved his life, though he was ordered off the run and warned that he would be killed if he returned. To remain in defiance of the order meant death. He must go, and while waiting for a herder to be sent out to take his place I must look out for his herd. I gave him my horse and his instructions as to where to report, and he was off before sundown. He said that I would probably have a visit from the bushrangers before I was out of it, but I must take the chances of that. Things were very quiet just then, and if they paid me a visit they would not be in an angry mood.

That you may understand more clearly let me explain that while most of the huts had only the earth for a floor this one was elevated three feet from the ground and had a floor of split poles. The elevation was on account of the occasional overflow of the creek, and the herder being something of a carpenter had put in his spare hours fixing up. I had prepared and eaten supper and had a cheerful blaze on the hearth when the two dogs began to growl and give other signs that strangers were near. I thought it best to take the bull by the horns, and after a bit I threw the door wide open and stood there a fair mark, while I called out to know if any one wanted food and shelter. Almost instantly a man advanced from the darkness and saluted me with a "good evening" and stopped just inside the hut. I closed the door and turned around to find him standing before the fire, and I instantly recognized him as a notorious criminal known as "Desmond" Bill, who had been bushranging for four years and had rewards amounting to \$2,000 on his head. In his hand he held a long and heavy rifle, and in his belt two pistols and a knife. He was a man about 28 years old, weighed about 180 pounds, and it needed but a glance to tell you that he was all muscle. He had a short neck, the jaw of a bulldog, and a more wicked face, taken from chin to forehead, you never looked into.

"Glad to have your company," I said as I threw a fresh stick on the fire. "I'll have you a bite to eat in a minute or two. Looks like a storm before morning."

"Where's the herder?" he growled as I prepared his coffee.

"Gone off the run, according to orders."

"And you are a company inspector?"

"Yes. I just got here this evening and will have to stay till a man comes out."

"Yes. I remember your face. How did you come out here?"

"A man who made his own business

dance to go most anywhere in this country," I pleasantly answered as I put on some meat to cook.

"Maybe so," he growled as he leaned his rifle against the wall and sat down before the fire. "I suppose you ordered the herder to notify the traps that he had shown up here?"

"Don't take me for a fool!" I replied. "It is the business of an inspector to look after the traps. It is the business of the police to catch bushrangers. Every man to his trade. If I'd been in with the traps some of you ought to have found it out long ago."

"Maybe so—maybe so!" he growled, but I noticed that his face cleared up, and he seemed in pleasant mood.

I prepared him as good a supper as I had eaten myself, and not a word was exchanged between us while he ate. He was not overhungry, and when he had finished I handed him a pipe and tobacco and my flask of whisky. He took a moderate drink, lighted his pipe and smoked for awhile, and I was feeling a bit nervous over his sudden demeanor when he turned on me with:

"I'd have been a different man if they'd given me a fair show. When I think of it, how I've been humiliated and treated like a wolf, I feel like killing everybody within reach!"

"You were transported of course," I replied as I sat down facing him.

"Aye, and what for?" he fiercely shouted. "Out of thousands of hares I snared one—a wretched little animal, hardly worth the salt to season it. It was the first poaching I had ever done, but the gamekeeper perjured his soul, and I was given penal servitude. Was a damn before that. I have been a devil since. On board the ship I was treated like a wild beast, and at the settlement they were determined to finish me off as soon as possible."

"I have heard how you escaped," I said as he rose up and began walking to and fro.

"Then you know that I left three dead guards behind me. They had starved and beaten and insulted me till I was desperate. They were torturing me up to the point when I should make a break and they would have done so to finish me off, but they did not know what a desperate man could do. Had they let me alone, had they given me a fair show, I would have done my work and obeyed all the rules. They drove me to murder and robbery, and may they be accursed for it!"

"You were badly used, as the story goes," I answered as he stood looking at me with a savage expression of countenance, "but were you driven to this sort of life?"

"What else could I do?" he shouted. "As an escaped convict I could not get out of Australia. How long could I have escaped detection if I had not taken to the bush, and how was I to live without becoming a ranger? The government has outlawed me and set a price on my head, and if taken I'd get the rope in short order. There's no show for me but to keep right on till the end comes."

"You see the papers now and then?"

"Yes, and I see that every murder on the road is laid to me. I've got enough of them to answer for without any extra, but they pile 'em on. I saw by a Sydney paper the other day that the reward is up to \$1,000."

"That's the figure, I believe."

"And wouldn't you like to earn it?"

"No. I want no blood money. From what I have heard your trial and transportation resulted from perjury. I have been told that they used you brutally at



"PERHAPS YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND," the settlement. I don't blame you for escaping, nor yet for feeling as you do, but you deserve hanging for some of the murders you have committed."

"Yes, I have shed a great deal of blood," he said as he sat down again. "Sometimes I am glad of it and sometimes sorry. I have killed to get even with the world, and the world must balance accounts by taking my life. It won't happen soon, however. I'm good for five years more of bush life and at the end of that time may find a chance to get out of the country."

"You'll not last that long in this part of the country. I have never given the police any information about bushrangers, and it's hardly fair to post you as to their doings, but I may say that two new stations are to be established, and the governor says he will clear out the last one of you at any cost."

"That's the game, eh? Well, if it gets too hot, we'll have to move on, I suppose, but we'll give them a try for it. Do you know why I came here to-night?"

"To see if the herder had gone, probably."

"That's it, and I was hoping he had not, so I might shoot him. I saw you through the chinks and had my finger on the trigger twice. I should have shot you if you hadn't come to the door."

"A man must be a fend to go about murdering people. In that way," I said as I looked up at him.

"You are right," he replied, though he first scowled fiercely at me. "There are times when even the worst of my men gets afraid of me and skulls away. I was in such an ugly mood this morning that all of them left camp. Even up to the time you gave me a pipe I intended to do for you. Can you guess what my plan was?"

"I was going to tie you up in a parcel and roast you before the fire."

"Well, I'm much obliged to you for changing your mind, as I prefer to live on and earn \$2 per month. It's only fair to state that I have had as many as 10 good opportunities for shooting you dead, but I content the but, but I don't want your blood on my hands."

He looked at me for a minute in a queer way and then rose up, hung the belt containing his pistols and knife on a hook and started to lie down in the same bunk. The door was pretty well

carpeted with sheepskins, but at one spot there was an opening caused by vermin and shrinkage, and he had the luck to set his foot down and go through with a crash. His right leg not only went down to his hip, but the splintered pole caught it in such a way that he could not pull himself up again. Not a weapon of any sort was within his reach. He was more helpless than any of the victims of his thirst for blood. He made three or four tremendous efforts to free himself and then quietly said:

"Perhaps you'll change your mind about that \$1,000 reward now. All you've got to do is to slip out and fasten a rope around my ankle, or it will be an easy job to knock me on the head with the ax."

I got a stick of wood from the heap, and trying it as a lever he was soon enabled to draw his leg clear. He sat and rubbed it for three or four minutes and then jumped over to the bunk and stretched himself out. Not a word was said by either of us. I sat for half an hour to post up my report book and then turned into the other bunk, and I don't remember to have ever slept so soundly in my whole life. I was up and had breakfast ready when the bushranger turned out. Outside of a "good morning" and a word or two about the weather, we had no conversation until we finished breakfast and went outdoors with our pipes. Then I said to him:

"Look here, Bill, I want that herder to return here and continue in charge."

"I'll see that no one bothers him," he replied.

"And you might hint to the boys that I didn't care to be shot at as I ride over the run."

"They won't waste any lead on you."

"It's against the law for me to help you along in your career, but in case of accident or sickness you'll find the herder willing to do what he can. He's pretty handy at a broken bone, and I guess he knows how to break up bush fever."

"Would ye shake hands with me?" gruffly queried the man as he turned on me.

"Yes, I would, but with the hope that no more blood may stain it. Good-bye to you."

He started off along the base of the hill and had gone perhaps 20 rods when he halted, turned about and retraced his steps. He came right up to me, placed his hand on my shoulder, and in a voice which quavered a bit and was low and soft he said:

"I shall never be quite as bad again as I have been. If you hear of my being captured, try and get to see me."

He walked away, and I never saw him again. I am sure that he did not cease to rob, but there were fewer murders in his district after that. He retained his liberty for nearly a year and was then captured and his hand disposed. He was promptly tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. I made an effort to see him, but the authorities would not permit it. Through his lawyer, however, I got a letter which worked a sudden and wonderful change in my career. It told me the spot where Geelong Bill had buried the bulk of the treasure he had acquired as a freebooter, and a month after his death I was in possession of it. Some of the colonial papers estimated that he must have left \$15,000. The police put it at \$20,000. The sheep herders insisted that it was nearer \$30,000. As a matter of fact, after I had restored everything I could find an owner for, the "swag" amounted to only \$2,800, and much of that was in gold nuggets, which he had picked up in the mountain streams and earned in an honest way.

**Most Infusible of Metals.**

A French chemist is reported to have proved beyond question that osmium, a bluish white metal, with violet luster, obtained as a residue from dissolved platinum ore—is the most infusible of metals. In his interesting experiments in this line the substance could never be made to yield to the oxy-hydrogen flame, which makes platinum and iridium run like water, and not only this, but it has been subjected to the excessively high heat of the electric arc, a temperature which has lately been successfully employed in the manufacture of diamonds and under which fierce heat the rare metal ruthenium, which used to be deemed all but infusible, readily melts, but osmium remains refractory, there being apparent only the very faintest traces of fusion. The conclusion is that osmium, on this account, cannot be prepared in sufficient quantity to render it very useful in the arts, though its alloy with iridium, which defies the acids, is of some value, being unexcelled for tipping gold pens, and possessing, as it does, the character of being unoxidizable and nonmagnetic, its employment for the bearing of the mariner's compass has been thought desirable.—New York Sun.

**Her Paradise.**

There is a Washington young woman who, in addition to having sensitive nerves, is intensely devoted to Browning. Much of her time she applies to the discovery of new mysticisms, and much more to worrying over them. Not long ago she was quite ill. A friend called on her and said consolingly:

"Never mind, dear. This illness will make you enjoy life all the more when you are about again."

"I don't know," sighed the patient. "Perhaps I will not get well."

"Oh, you don't think of such things as that, do you?"

"Yes."

"You take it rather cheerfully?"

"Oh, I don't mind it at all. Perhaps I shall meet Mr. Browning in the next world, and we shall have such a good time expiating his works to each other!"—Kate Field's Washington.

**Very Lonesome.**

Banks (flicking off the ashes with his little finger)—Yes, I smoke a good deal. A cigar is company for a fellow when he's lonesome.

Hives (raising the window)—You must have been hard up for companionship when you lit that one.—Chicago Tribune.

**Just the Thing.**

"I wonder why Miss Lightfoot wears that trying shade of green?"

"Metaphor, it's because it is difficult to match and gives her such a magnificent chance to go shopping."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**A Stick in Time Saves Nine.**

In true of old quacks and quackery. When the former shows the first dental floss, a "stick," and always keep the mouth

right by using SOZODONT. It costs less for a new coat than a new set of teeth. False teeth are not as pleasant as natural ones.

**Pronounced Hop-les, Yes Saved.**

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd, of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a hard cold, which settled on my lungs, coughed up and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Saviour determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in eight bottles; it has cured me, and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles 10 cts. at Peck Bros. Drug Store, regular, 50 and \$1.

See the World's Fair for Fifteen Cents.

Upon the receipt of your address and fifteen cents in postage stamps, we will mail you prepaid our Souvenir Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition, the regular price is fifty cents, but as we want you to have one, we make the price nominal. You will find it a work of art and a thing to be proud of. It contains full-page views of the great buildings, with descriptions of same, and is executed in highest style of art. If not satisfied with it, after you get it, we will refund the stamps and let you keep the book. Address: H. E. BUCKLER & Co., Chicago, Ill.

**Buckler's Arrow Salve.**

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Peck Bros. drug store, corner Monroe and Division streets.

**Sufferers from Piles.**

Should know that the Pyramid Pile Cure will promptly and effectually remove every trace of them. Any druggist or for you.

**Shiloh's Cure,** the great cough and croup cure, is for sale by us. Pocket size contains twenty-five doses, only 25c. Children love it. Sold by F. J. Wurzburg.

Keep your hair from falling by using Hall's Vegetable Sulfur Hair Renewer.

**It Is Strange.**

"Last people suffering from Piles will endure them for years or submit to dangerous, painful, cruel and expensive surgical operations, when all the time there is a painless, certain, lasting cure, which gives instant relief and costs but a trifle. It is called the Pyramid Pile Cure and can be found at all drug stores. Any druggist will get it for you—if you ask him."

**Miss-Ler.**

—the woman who thinks the easy washing must be unsafe.

It isn't unsafe, if you get the right thing to wash with. You will have the right thing, you get *Pearline*. It does no harm, unless you don't use it.

Spare *Pearline*, and you may spoil the wash; use *Pearline*, and you are spared the work.

Women tempted by cheap prices, large quantity, price and peddlers. Don't forget the effects of these imitations on hands and fabric.

JAMES FYLE, New York.

**Miss-Ler.**

—the woman who thinks the easy washing must be unsafe.

It isn't unsafe, if you get the right thing to wash with. You will have the right thing, you get *Pearline*. It does no harm, unless you don't use it.

Spare *Pearline*, and you may spoil the wash; use *Pearline*, and you are spared the work.

Women tempted by cheap prices, large quantity, price and peddlers. Don't forget the effects of these imitations on hands and fabric.

JAMES FYLE, New York.

**Miss-Ler.**

—the woman who thinks the easy washing must be unsafe.

It isn't unsafe, if you get the right thing to wash with. You will have the right thing, you get *Pearline*. It does no harm, unless you don't use it.

Spare *Pearline*, and you may spoil the wash; use *Pearline*, and you are spared the work.

Women tempted by cheap prices, large quantity, price and peddlers. Don't forget the effects of these imitations on hands and fabric.

JAMES FYLE, New York.

**Miss-Ler.**

—the woman who thinks the easy washing must be unsafe.

It isn't unsafe, if you get the right thing to wash with. You will have the right thing, you get *Pearline*. It does no harm, unless you don't use it.

Spare *Pearline*, and you may spoil the wash; use *Pearline*, and you are spared the work.

Women tempted by cheap prices, large quantity, price and peddlers. Don't forget the effects of these imitations on hands and fabric.

JAMES FYLE, New York.

**Miss-Ler.**

—the woman who thinks the easy washing must be unsafe.

It isn't unsafe, if you get the right thing to wash with. You will have the right thing, you get *Pearline*. It does no harm, unless you don't use it.

Spare *Pearline*, and you may spoil the wash; use *Pearline*, and you are spared the work.

Women tempted by cheap prices, large quantity, price and peddlers. Don't forget the effects of these imitations on hands and fabric.

JAMES FYLE, New York.

**Miss-Ler.**

—the woman who thinks the easy washing must be unsafe.

It isn't unsafe, if you get the right thing to wash with. You will have the right thing, you get *Pearline*. It does no harm, unless you don't use it.

Spare *Pearline*, and you may spoil the wash; use *Pearline*, and you are spared the work.

Women tempted by cheap prices, large quantity, price and peddlers. Don't forget the effects of these imitations on hands and fabric.

JAMES FYLE, New York.

## WE CANNOT SPARE

Healthy flesh—nature never burdens the body with too much sound flesh. Loss of flesh usually indicates poor assimilation, which causes the loss of the best that's in food, the fat-forming element.

## Scott's Emulsion

of pure cod liver oil with hypophosphites contains the very essence of all foods. In no other form can so much nutrition be taken and assimilated. Its range of usefulness has no limitation where weakness exists.

Prepared by Scott & Bown, Chemists, New York. Sold by all druggists.

**KARL'S GLOVER ROOT**

**CURES CONSTIPATION**

**It is an agreeable Laxative for the Bowels; can be made into a Tea for use in one minute. Price 10c. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle. An Elegant Gift. Payment for the Month and Month—\$10.**

**KO NO**

**FOR GRATE USE**

**TRY OUR**

**GREAT MASSILLON COAL!**

Once used you will have no other.

**A. B. KNOWLSON,**

25 Pearl Street.

**WE HAVE A FEW CORDS**

**GOOD WOOD**

That we are going to close out.

**FIVE CORDS FOR \$5.00.**

**CENTRAL COAL CO.,**

Phone 341. 111 Ottawa Street.

**When a Printer**

Boys ink, he wants the best that can be produced. Our Europa and Royal Blacks for book, half tone and fine cut work cannot be excelled. News, book, job, and all grades of Black.

**CINCINNATI PRINTING INK CO.,**

No. 2 Home Street, Cincinnati, O.

**PENNYROYAL PILLS**

**Original and Only Genuine.**

**SALE AGENTS: J. E. F. & Co., 111 N. 1st St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

**For sale by Peck Bros., 120-121 Monroe street.**

**FITS STOPPED FREE**

**For all kinds of Nervous Disorders, only one cure, and it is free.**

**For all kinds of Nervous Disorders, only one cure, and it is free.**

**For all kinds of Nervous Disorders, only one cure, and it is free.**

**For all kinds of Nervous Disorders, only one cure, and it is free.**

**For all kinds of Nervous Disorders, only one cure, and it is free.**

**For all kinds of Nervous Disorders, only one cure, and it is free.**

**For all kinds of Nervous Disorders, only one cure, and it is free.**

**For all kinds of Nervous Disorders, only one cure, and it is free.**

**For all kinds of Nervous Disorders, only one cure, and it is free.**

**For all kinds of Nervous Disorders, only one cure, and it is free.**

**For all kinds of Nervous Disorders, only one cure, and it is free.**

**For all kinds of Nervous Disorders, only one cure, and it is free.**

**For all kinds of Nervous Disorders, only one cure, and it is free.**

**For all kinds of Nervous Disorders, only one cure, and it is free.**

**For all kinds of Nervous Disorders, only one cure, and it is free.**

**For all kinds of Nervous Disorders, only one cure, and it is free.**

**For all kinds of Nervous Disorders, only one cure, and it is free.**